O mine own mother's sire 1 Set free that hand
That cowers about its staff!
'•> *Tis thou hast planned
This work, Teiresias I *Tis thou must set
Another altar aad another yet
Amongst us, watch new birds, and win more hire
Of gold, interpreting new signs of fire !
But for thy silver hairs, I tell thce true,
Thou now wert sitting chained amid thv crew
Of raving damsels, for this evil dream
Thou hast brought us, of new Gods ! When once
the gleam
Of grapes hath lit a Woman's Festival,
In all their prayers is no more health at all !

LEADER OF THR CHORUS
(the words are not heard by PENTHP.US),
Injurious King, hast thou no care for God,
Nor Cadmus, sower of the Giants* Sod.
Life-spring to great Echinn and to thcc ?

TKIK ESI AS.
Good words, my son, come easily, when he
That speaks is wise, and speaks but for the right.
Else come thev never I Swift are thine, and bright
As though with thought, yet have no thought at all.
Lo. this new God, whom thou dost flout withal.
1cannot speak the greatness wherewith lie
In Hellas shall be great ! Two spirits there be,
Young Prince, that in man's work! arc first of worth.
Dfmftfr one is named; she is the Earth—
Call her which name thou will!—-who feeds man's frame
With sustenance of things dry.

And that which came